

CHAUNCY, Philip Lamothe Shell

## Surveys Long Ago

By W. AUBREY HALE.

A CENTURY ago Philip Lamothe Chauncy "proceeded with his survey party and equipment over the Darling Ranges to the Toodyay district and camped at Jempardine (Jumperdine) Hill." He was provided with an escort of soldiers by the Government for protection against wild natives, who, in fact, proved friendly and followed the survey party, always camping close by. "One tall savage," he wrote, "used to run six miles each morning to fetch a bottle of milk from our friends the Lukins for my wife, who accompanied us on several of our surveys, in payment of a panican of tea and flour to make a damper."

These quotations are taken from the field books of Philip Chauncy, the writer's grandfather—well-preserved books made available by the late Mr. Tom Parry, Surveyor-General, just before his death some months ago. They exhibited Chauncy's habitual exactitude; he was noted for never missing a dot or a dash in his writings. It was he who laid the line for the York-road from Guildford.

When instructed to make a survey at the Dale River, tributary of the Upper Avon, he left his Guildford home to drive to York with his wife, a daughter of the Rev. William Mitchell, and their first child, Theresa Lamothe (the writer's mother), who was five months old. When descending a gully near York their horse stumbled and the travellers were thrown out of the buggy and more or less hurt. However, the party soon resumed their journey and Chauncy performed his survey. Then they returned to Guildford via Gooderding and Boyadine (Robert de Burgh's stations).

In the Darling Ranges between Baker's Hill (called by Chauncy Mt. Baker) and Chidlow he discovered a group of small springs and named them after himself. Chauncy's Springs appear on plans in the Land Titles Office. The writer saw these springs at a native camp called Nyindiup. Two of the surveyor's soldier escort disappeared hereabouts and were never traced. Later Chauncy retraversed this route and in the Upper Swan zone he discovered and named Susannah Brook after his wife, Susan.

In Victoria, whence Chauncy took his family in the early fifties, he surveyed and named Echuca (the native name for the district). He was district surveyor in Ballarat until his death.

Dear dear Annie  
With her  
Grandmother's love  
April 7<sup>th</sup> 1879 -



Memoirs  
OF  
MRS. CHAUNCY.

By Her Husband,

Philip Lamothe Snell Chauncy.

District Surveyor, Ballarat.

WRITTEN FOR THE  
INSTRUCTION AND COMFORT OF THEIR EIGHT CHILDREN.



Ballarat :

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1873.

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CHARLES J. EVANS, .  
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## Dedication.

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My Dear Children—

I dedicate this little memento of your Mother to you with sentiments of the deepest affection.

I know you will prize it notwithstanding its imperfections, and I trust that with the Divine blessing it may assist you in your endeavours to imitate her bright example of faith and practice.

Your affectionate Father,

Philip Chauncy.

Bullarat, January, 1873.





## Memoir.

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**S**USAN AUGUSTA MITCHELL was born in Bombay on the 11th April, 1828, and died 30th September, 1867.

Her father, the late Reverend William Mitchell, was a Colonial chaplain of Western Australia, and formerly a missionary of the Church Missionary Society to the heathen of the Bombay Presidency. He was a true Christian gentleman; conspicuous for the benevolence of his disposition, the purity of his motives, the simplicity of his character, the warmth of his hospitality, the clearness of his judgment, his attainments as a scholar, and, above all, for his earnest practical piety and fidelity to the truth. He had a high sense of honour, blended with an exquisite delicacy of feeling and sentiment, and invariably manifested a tender care for the feelings of others.

When a missionary, he was prompt and uncompromising in what he knew to be right, and unswerving in his duty as



a minister of Christ, whether to those in authority or to his much loved sable charge. He was in the habit of studying the Sacred Scriptures in the original, and was a good Hebraist; he also read Greek and Latin with facility, and knew something of the Sanscrit; but the language he had chiefly mastered was the Mahratta—it was that which he most needed in his intercourse with the people whose welfare he had so deeply at heart. I have heard it stated that there were probably not twelve Europeans, living who understood the Mahratta as well as Mr. Mitchell did. He was also a proficient in Hindoostanee, and had a knowledge of French and other modern languages.

Mr. Mitchell was twice married. First to a young lady named Holmes, by whom he had several children—three of whom attained adult age. Anne, now Mrs. Courthope, of Perth, Swan River; Susan, the subject of this memoir; and William Owen of Western Australia—shortly after whose birth she died. By the present Mrs. Mitchell, a truly excellent and Christian lady, he has four children:—Samuel, of King George's Sound; Fanny, wife of Archdeacon Brown of Western Australia; Charlotte, married on 5th Sept., 1867, to Mr. Frederick Parker of the same colony, whom it pleased God to remove from this life on the 1st of March, 1871, leaving his young wife with one child, and another was born after his death; and Andrew, lately a medical student attached to the staff of that colony. He was greatly beloved by those who knew him, and was the source of much comfort and joy to his parents. He died on the 31st May, 1870; his poor father never seemed to recover from the shock, and followed him to the grave on the 3rd of August of the same year, leaving dear Mrs. Mitchell bereft of her daughter, her son, and her husband, and, within a few months, of her son-in-law.

After a residence of several years in India, chiefly at Nassac, a native town about 100 miles from Bombay, Mr. Mitchell returned to Europe for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired, and resided in the Isle of Wight. His heart was set upon his charge in India, to which he had devoted the best years of his life with a true missionary spirit, and he would have returned to India, but, acting under medical advice, he accepted, in 1838, an appointment from the Colonial Church Society as chaplain to the three churches at Guildford, the Middle Swan, and the Upper Swan in Western Australia. He resided at the Mission Station, Middle Swan, and there laboured among the settlers as their clergyman during a period of about twenty-one years. He then removed to Perth, as chaplain to the penal establishment, where he resided until his decease.

I will now advert to my own history from the time I left England in June, 1839. I landed from the good ship Dumfries, at Glenelg in South Australia, in the following October; was married to Miss Charlotte Kemmis in Adelaide, on the 16th March, 1841, and removed to Fremantle, Western Australia, in the beginning of the following month.

I received an appointment as assistant surveyor, under the Surveyor-General of Western Australia, from the Imperial Government, and we soon went to reside at Guildford in the Rev. W. Mitchell's district.

In due course Mr. Mitchell called on us, and we became acquainted with his family, then residing at the parsonage about four miles off.

Six years had passed away, and on the 11th day of February, 1847, I was plunged into my first grief by the death of my much loved wife, who was the daughter of an Irish clergyman of the Church of England and a true Christian. I was overwhelmed in an agony of grief, and obtained six

months leave of absence, during which time I visited South Australia, the Portland Bay district, New South Wales, and Melbourne. On my return, I renewed my acquaintance with the ever kind and hospitable family at the Middle Swan mission house. Anne was engaged to Mr. Edward Courthope of the Auditor-General's office, and an attachment sprang up between Susan and myself, which resulted in our marriage on the 30th August, 1848. The two brides were given away at the same time, at the Middle Swan church, by Major Irwin, the Commandant of Western Australia, the ceremony being performed by their father. The breakfast was given at the mission house and was attended by friends from the neighbourhood; and then came the leave taking.

Mr. Mitchell was satisfied with the disposal of each of his daughters, and bore up bravely until now when they were no longer to call his house their home, and then he fairly gave way, but, with his usual consideration for others, he retired to his own chamber so that his paternal feelings should not interfere with the exuberance of our joy.

As this paper is written for the edification of my dear children it may not be unbecoming in me to mention here that the strong affection and devotion which existed between Mr. Mitchell and his daughters was most touching and beautiful. My Susie has often told me when they became motherless, how tenderly he watched and guarded them; how he entered into all their little joys and palliated all their little sorrows with a mother's care and gentleness. He, however, always maintained his proper parental authority, and they never for a moment thought of disobeying him; but he ruled by love—love intense, practical, and uniform. This love was reciprocated by my blessed Susie with a filial affection which was quite extraordinary for its depth, its freshness, and its constancy. I cannot conceive that the human

heart is capable of greater filial devotion than she evinced towards her father during the whole time I knew her. On her deathbed, after an absence from him of nearly fourteen and a half years, she enjoined me to tell him that "she had never ceased for one moment to love him to the last with her best love." It was not extraordinary then that he should tell me when we were first engaged what a precious prize I had won in her, and how painful it would be to him to part with her. There is no doubt but that her death hastened his end. Mrs. Mitchell tells me in a recent letter that he was never the same afterwards. Mrs. Courthope has never yet left off her mourning clothes.

Mrs. Chauncy's occupations and amusements were of a domestic nature and simple, and she was generally cheerful. Those who knew her best often remarked on the heartiness of her laugh. It was genuine as that of a child, and unlike the gewgaw laugh of most adults. She was a close observer, and had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, so that if anything ridiculous occurred it never failed to excite her merriment.

Mr. Mitchell's elder family could not have had a better stepmother than Mrs. Mitchell. She seemed to make no distinction between them and her own children. She is a truly Christian lady, and her goodness and kindness to those around her are obvious to all who know her. Under her guidance Susie became fond of domestic pursuits and of her studies.

Her father, among other accomplishments, taught her Latin and Hebrew. She learned music from Mrs. Alex. Taylor, sister to Sir Alfred Stephen. My dear Susie was an early riser as a matter of duty, and never to the last allowed inclination to overcome duty. On the Monday after she was seized with her fatal illness, she forced herself to rise early as was her custom on Mondays.

As Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell were always most hospitable and genial, there was no lack of visitors at the Mission house. The young ladies, however, were seldom seen excepting by their intimate friends.

Mrs. Chauncy has informed me that she and her sister used to rise very early. They then went through their routine of domestic duties and studies during the forenoon, and the after part of the day was spent partly in the house, and often in the garden, or in taking walks on the beautiful banks of the Swan river, and sometimes in visiting the neighbouring settlers or cottagers. Her ruling passion and favourite occupation has, however, yet to be mentioned. She was inordinately fond of children, and her loving self-sacrificing nature caused her often, I have no doubt, to over-tire herself with any children she could make happy. The chief idol of her affection for some years was her sister Fanny, now Mrs. Archdeacon Brown. I believe she would have made any sacrifice for that child. As for self, never, to the day of her death, did she know the meaning of the word, except as connected with duty and affection.

She had a great sense of propriety without being prudish, was an earnest Christian, but disliked fanaticism, and while she kept clear of superstition on the one hand she avoided any approach to levity on the other. Her faith in the Gospel was most sincere, yet she was generally of an incredulous turn of mind. She was contented to take the Bible as her guide, and to read it by the light of the excellent understanding which God had given her, assisted by the Divine Spirit; and so she never cared to have her faith disturbed by strange doctrines. She was no bigot; was afraid of no truth, but disclaimed all compromise with falsehood. She was ever ready to meet the truth and accept it, but was not to be imposed on by merely plausible reasonings. Without being

fond of argument, I never knew her fail to meet unscriptural doctrines and fallacies with appropriate texts and sound reasoning—always adduced in a distinct yet modest manner. She had a rare Biblical memory, and quoted Scripture correctly and not in the slipshod manner that even some clergymen do who would be ashamed to quote Shakespeare or Tennyson as loosely. Indeed, when she was present during any conversation on a religious subject, I seldom needed to turn to my concordance; if I wanted an appropriate or rebutting passage, or to give the exact words, she almost always furnished me with the required information. She possessed sterling good sense, combined with an exquisitely feminine mind and instinct.

Her discernment of character was remarkable. I have often been surprised at the variety and accuracy of her delineations, she seemed always to say the proper thing about a person.

She did not readily make friends, but having once formed an attachment for any one, however humble, she never ceased to be faithful in her friendship, no matter what time might have elapsed since they had met. Whenever opportunity offered she would find out her friends if possible and renew her kindness. And this noble sentiment influenced her with regard to those in the same sphere of life as herself. She highly appreciated worth of character in whomsoever it might be found. I never knew her guided in her estimate of any one by the opinions of others. She judged by her own unaided observation and good sense, and her judgment was seldom at fault. My dear Susie cared not for great people, if their greatness was based upon their arrogance or wealth.

She was always scrupulous in her attentions to others, yet never forgetful of what was due to herself; was ever dis-

posed to take a charitable view of the motives and actions of other persons, and was prudent in her remarks without laying herself open to the charge of having too much caution or reserve. She seldom failed to detect insincerity and selfishness, and never courted the acquaintance of those who evinced such dispositions.

The exalted purity of her own life and motives rendered her a bright example to those around her, as is amply testified in the numerous letters I have received since her death.

She was eminently a practical Christian, and hated all superficial display and ostentation, especially in matters of religion. Her power of unveiling fallacies was almost like a supernatural gift, and she disliked chimeras, speculations, and vain theories. Never demonstrative, but always faithful in religion, she much preferred teaching by practice than by precept. In all her dealings with others, and especially with her servants, she looked at results and consequences, instead of allowing herself to be actuated by temporary impulses; indeed her whole life has been a beautiful sermon to all who knew her.

But to return to the period of our marriage. She gave her warm young heart to me when she was twenty years of age, and how shall I describe the happiness of the nineteen years that followed? She was pleased with everything beautiful and calculated to afford pleasure; her tastes were simple and good, and she was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. Birds and flowers, and fine landscapes never failed to delight her. Although I am incompetent to depict the excellencies of her character, yet I feel that the least I can do as a tribute to her memory is to attempt the melancholy pleasure which the task affords me.

There was nothing commonplace in her mental qualities, they were original, beautiful, and well-defined.

She was much pleased with her new house at Guildford, the neat brick cottage with its garden and vinery.

From this she would sometimes accompany me on my surveying expeditions. On one occasion we proceeded with my survey party and equipment over the Darling range to the Toodyay district, and encamped on the Jemparding hill with the escort of soldiers provided me by the Government. No one could be happier than I was in those delightful days.

I used to return to the camp each afternoon from my day's surveying to my young wife, to find a nice dinner prepared in our comfortable tent under her direction.

We would sometimes wander in the wild bush of the Darling Range, and from the top of the Jemparding hill look down on the deep valleys of the Avon and the Toodyay rivers.

Parties of natives would frequently call at our encampment, and one tribe was bivouacked near us. Susie was so uniformly kind to them that they liked and respected her and would do any thing she asked them. One tall wild savage used to run six miles every morning to our friends the Lukins who had the nearest station, to fetch a bottle of milk. He would get over this twelve miles in about two hours, and was well contented with a panican of tea, and another of flour to make a damper, by way of payment.

Sometimes we rode out on horseback, and occasionally we took a drive in our gig to visit the Harpers and the Lukins, both of which families of settlers are connections of Mrs. Mitchell's. We remained at the Jemparding about two months and then returned home. At another time we were encamped for several weeks at Jane's brook, about four miles from the mission house, to which we used to drive, and spend almost every evening. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and all the family were glad to see us, and, to increase our happiness, the evenings were spent with music and conversation, and we



would return to our camp about ten or eleven o'clock. I remember dear kind thoughtful Mrs. Mitchell used generally to warn me to "take care of the stumps"; for the greater part of the route lay through a grass tree thicket. After this we lived at home for some time, and the beauty and lusciousness of the fruit in our garden were a never-failing source of pleasure to Susie. I may here state that the climate of Swan River is perhaps one of the most delightful in the world, equal to that of Madeira, or of Norfolk Island, and is peculiarly adapted to the growth of grapes, peaches, figs, and other semi-tropical fruits. My darling's appetites were like her mind—pure and simple, she never cared for meat or for stimulants, but delighted in an abundance of fine fruit, and especially of grapes, when there were others to enjoy the treat with her. In Western Australia there is a quantity of the finest fruit all over the located parts of the colony for eight or nine months in the year. Once, in the beginning of 1850, when driving on a journey over the hills, her dear little sister Charlotte, then about seven years old, accompanied us, and was thrown by a jolt out of the gig soon after we had left the Swan road. Dear Susie was greatly alarmed about her, but on picking her up I found she was not hurt. After our return we lived at home at Guildford for some time, when at length came the anniversary of my birthday, the 21st June, and on that day my beloved wife presented me with my first-born child, my darling Theresa. Well I remember my impatience till she was dressed, and then the nurse placed her in my arms, and Mr. Mitchell, who now had become a grandfather, said to me in his kind gentle way, "your little daughter." Never was child more tenderly, anxiously, and judiciously watched over than was Tese by her mother; and my darling girl has tried to repay the debt of gratitude by watching and attending her poor mother during all her

weakness and especially in her last illness, with an admirable devotion and good sense.

When Tese was five months old, I was instructed by the Surveyor-General to make a survey at the Dale river, a tributary of the Upper Avon. Our first day's journey from Guildford was to York, a distance of 50 miles across the Darling ranges; and when within six miles of our journey's end, in driving down into a gully, the horse stumbled and threw Susie and the baby out with their faces to the ground. Susie on getting up averted her face, not daring to look at baby, but I quickly picked her up; her little face was buried in the dust, close to a large stone, and was bleeding in several places. She soon however began to cry, and then we knew no great harm was done. It was nearly dark, and I drove on to Mr. S. S. Parker's, he is the father of the late Mr. Frederick Parker, then a child of six years old, and since the beloved husband of our dear Charlotte. At Mr. Parker's, where we were most kindly received and entertained, baby was soon washed and put to bed, and it was found she had only received a few scratches on the face. We had a good nursemaid (Margaret McCarthy) who had come out in the Governor's family, and had never been in the bush before, she was a superior person, and fond of baby, yet its mother always washed and dressed it, and did everything for it herself. We spent a very happy time in the wild country of the Dale river, near Goonderding and Boyadine, the stations of Robert De Burgh. On one occasion, when we drove down the valley of the Avon, on a visit to Mr. Thomas Brown's family, we turned off into the bush to inspect an extraordinary cave in a large granite rock in the side of a hill; we found a native to act as guide, and having arrived at a spot near the foot of the precipice in which the cave is situated, and from which we had a good view of it, I per-

suaded the loving young mother to lay our baby down on the dry ground, under a shady bush, while we ascended among the huge granite rocks. At length, guided by the native we reached the cave, which was remarkable for having the red imprints of human hands on its walls and roof. Similar signs manual exist elsewhere in the northern parts of Western Australia, and in New South Wales, also in Mexico, and other parts of America.\* Oh, vain idea, that Susie would take any interest in these imprints of red hands while the swaddled little bundle lay in the valley below, her eyes were intently gazing upon it, nor would she see anything till the precious one was again in her arms. Often since then, when alluding to this little incident, she has expressed her wonder that even her devotion to me should have induced her to leave her baby even for a minute as she did. After my first bereavement in 1847, I sold my house in West Guildford, and, when married again, we rented the house in Guildford where Tese was born. In 1850 I began to build a new home on some land of my own, but was then ordered by Governor Fitzgerald to take charge of the Survey Department at King George's Sound. Our new house was only just begun, when I had the contract with the builder cancelled. We proceeded to the Sound in the colonial schooner "Champion" commanded by Lieutenant Helpman, R.N., and were met and heartily welcomed by my dear Susie's old friends, the Camfields. Mr. Camfield was resident magistrate there, and Mrs. Camfield had come to the colony, before her marriage, with Mr. Mitchell's family in 1838. A deep attachment had always existed between her and my darling, as between a mother and daughter. We had also several other friends at Albany—Archdeacon Wollaston's family,

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\* NOTE.—See letter on this subject, signed "An old Australian," in the "Argus" of the 24th May, 1866.

the Belchers, Taylors, Phillips, and Lady Spencer. Mr. Camfield passed from earth to heaven on October 12th, 1872.

We spent twenty months there, and my dear Susie accompanied me on several expeditions into the interior; on one of these we were encamped for two or three weeks at a place called Narpund, near the base of Mount Barrow. We arrived there late one evening, having travelled on in order to find water. At Narpund there was a small supply of storm water in basins of granite rocks. My men were soldiers of the 99th Regiment, and were not long in putting up the tents. In the morning a tribe of wild natives brought us a kangaroo as a peace offering. Some time previously, two soldiers, whilst in search of water, were lost in crossing a dense scrub from this place to Mount Barker, and I have never heard that any trace of them has been found to this day. When the water in the rocks was exhausted, we moved on to a place called by the natives Nyindiup, where there was a little spring at the foot of a piece of open table land.

On Sunday mornings I called to my tent those of the soldiers who chose to come to family prayers. I remember one Sunday, after prayers, while Susie and I were walking on the table land, I looked back and saw "Seebee," one of my kangaroo pups, in full chase after a flying doe which was coming directly towards us but looking back at its pursuers. I stepped before it and caught it by the hind legs, and then cooeed to the men who took it to the camp, but after keeping it two days found it was untameable and killed it. They took two pounds of good fat from the inside, which was a remarkable circumstance, as kangaroos, like most wild animals, have little or no fat. I mention this trivial incident because it was the first time my beloved one was out kangaroo hunting with me, and certainly the only time on a Sun-

day. Susie and I used to read and pray together, mornings and evenings, and to enjoy some very sweet seasons of communion. My darling, having her mind well stored with Biblical knowledge, used to tell me in her sweet quiet way how her dear father explained some of the difficult passages.

On our return to Albany from this surveying expedition my dear Susie was very poorly, and I was glad to get her safely housed again near Mrs. Camfield and Mrs. Wollaston, where our first son, named Philip Lamothe, was born on the 23rd March, 1851. I think my dear Susie's maternal instincts were unusually strong, and oh how true she was to them! How devoted she was to that child! He grew up to be a lovely boy, the admiration of all who knew him; but he had too heavenly a look for this world. He was the source of the most inexpressible delight to his mother; her eyes used to feast on his beaming little face; she looked the most unutterable blessings on him. But alas, he was too exotic a plant to live on this earth, and was taken from us by our all-wise God, at Heathcote, Victoria, on the 19th of May, 1854. To the day of her death, his words and looks and little actions were fresh in her memory. I think she never completely recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of our little Philip; indeed, I now remember she said, shortly before she was taken from us, that she had never got over it, although she was quite resigned to the will of God, and would not have been so selfish as to have wished him back again.

We spent a delightful time at King George's Sound. My darling enjoyed the fine bold scenery and the beauty and profusion of the wild flowers. There were scores of aborigines there; one of the finest tribes perhaps in Australia. The men made first-class "pull-away" hands in the whale fisheries, and one at least was a "headsmen." They used to

be much about our house, and Susie was always kind to them. At one time the natives left the settlement, as was their periodical custom, for an excursion into the interior, and left behind them a little orphan black girl about three and a half years old, named Quodginopat. Susie took compassion on this child, and after feeding it, spoke of it to good kind Mrs. Camfield, who took it in, clothed, fed, and adopted it; and it formed the nucleus of what has since been "Mrs. Camfield's Native School" at King George's Sound, so well known in missionary circles. This took place in 1851, before the convicts were sent to the Sound.

There we knew Wylie the native, who having been taken to Adelaide by sea, returned overland in 1841 with Mr. Eyre, who was afterwards Lieutenant Governor in New Zealand, and subsequently Governor of Jamaica. Mr. Eyre and Wylie were the only persons who, even to this day, have passed overland from the one colony to the other. Three parties have just lately been organised to go across from the telegraph line at different points to Swan River.

In pursuance of my official duties, I took a party out on a long journey beyond the Toolbrunup hills in a north-easterly direction, and then having passed through Hassell's country, turned south to Mr. Cheyne's settlement at Cape Riche, about eighty miles east from Albany, to which place I then returned. After this I visited Wilson's Inlet and other parts, and about June, 1852, we returned to the Swan in the "Eleanora," Captain Helpman, R.N. After rounding the Lewin in safety we put into Bunbury for passengers, but as Captain Helpman knew that heavy weather was coming on he would not wait for them and so got to sea again that evening. In the night a terrific storm came on, and my ever generous and kind hearted wife gave up one of our

cabins to a poor woman who was a steerage passenger. At five o'clock the next morning a heavy sea struck the vessel on the larboard quarter, carrying away the bulwarks, boats, hencoops, and skylight, and completely clearing the deck. The water came down in a body into the cuddy; all the lights were out, the glasses and barometers broken, and the things adrift. Another such sea and the vessel would have foundered. I jumped out of my bunk, which was on the lee side, into nearly two feet of water, scrambled towards the companion ladder, and found Helpman coming down as well as he could with a smashed hand. The man at the helm was lashed to it or he would have been washed overboard; the only others on deck were the captain and first mate, the latter was lifted up by the water and carried against the shrouds. Susie, though much alarmed, was calm and quiet. The woman in the next cabin screamed with fright, and declared that if she lived to reach the land she would never go to sea again. All anxiously waited for daylight. The next day we landed at Fremantle, having been a week at sea.

We went to live in Perth, first in a house in Hay-street, and then in Mr. Knight's house, under Mount Eliza. This was a beautiful place. Here we had an olive yard about two acres, a fine plantation of bananas, and a variety of the finest grapes, surpassing in luxuriance any I have seen growing in Victoria.

Here our dear William was born on the 24th March, 1853, my dear wife having been put by Dr. Ferguson under the influence of chloroform. I shall never forget how fondly and with what self-denial and anxiety she was watched by her sister Mrs. Courthope, and also by Mrs. Mitchell, when she came down from the Swan.

In April, 1853, I resigned the appointment I had held

from the Imperial Government for about eleven years as Assistant Surveyor under the Surveyor General. I then finished a portion of the brick cottage I had begun two years before at Guildford, and after removing and living in it for six weeks I sold it, and we sailed in the barque "Alibi" for the goldfields at Port Phillip, where we landed on the anniversary of my birthday, the 21st of June, 1853.

I ought not here to omit some notice of the leave taking at the Swan, because it forms a conspicuous incident in the life of the loved one regarding whom this little book is written.

My dear Susie's devotion to me, and the clear path of duty which seemed to lie before her, prevented her from hesitating in the course we were adopting in leaving the colony, but the bidding farewell to her beloved father and mother, her sister Annie, and the others, was indeed a sore trial to her; she seemed to have a presentiment that it was a final farewell in this life. Her love was so real, so practical, so deep, and so unselfish. Painful as the parting with her dear relatives was, her warm young heart was cheered continually by her three children—Tese, four years old, Philly, two years, and Willy, two months old. They were a perpetual feast to her eyes, and afforded her unbounded pleasure. On reaching Hobson's Bay, my brother William, who was chief engineer to the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway Company, came off in a boat, and kindly invited us to stay at his house until we could find a place to live in. So thronged was Melbourne and its suburbs, by people rushing to the goldfields, that I had heard it said in Perth that it would be scarcely possible to hire a house, and therefore I had a good four-roomed cottage constructed in Perth so as to take to pieces, but, unfortunately at the last moment, the ship's agent found he was prohibited by the terms



of the charter party from taking the house as freight in the "Alibi," and it did not arrive for some months after we reached Melbourne, when it was of no use to us. My next attempt at housing ourselves was even more unsatisfactory. Not being willing to inconvenience my brother's large family, by remaining longer in his house at Sandridge, and acting in accordance with his advice, as he had resided in Melbourne for a long time, I bought a cottage with a small allotment at a very high price, in the suburb of Prahran, and we removed into it ten days after our arrival, our furniture and luggage almost filled the place, and my beloved Susie made herself quite ill, trying to get it in order. We lived there ten weeks, and during that time I walked into town every day. I took an office in Swanston-street, and furnished it. I then engaged a clerk, and commenced business as a land surveyor and commission agent. My attempts at business, however, were futile. I soon discovered that the only thing I could do well was to spend money. I joined in a scheme for importing timber from Tasmania, and had the promise of the consignment of one or two ships, but the only business I really transacted was to point out some land to a man for which I received £5 5s. Day after day my wife spent in our cottage with no one to speak to but our dear little children, and the grasping impertinent people with whom she had to deal for our daily supplies. The charge for about three wheel-barrow loads of firewood was about three pounds, and then it required to be cut up for use; food was nearly a shilling a mouthful; pale ale six shillings a bottle. Susie had never seen such people before, and hated their free and easy manners. Our butcher, who lived on the opposite side of the street, addressed his bill to me, "Mr. Opposite," this, and similar instances of the absence of respect for persons greatly excited her mirth, and

every evening on my return home, she used to amuse me with some fresh instance of the cool impertinence of the tradespeople with whom we dealt. Although this sort of life was very different from anything she had experienced before, and although she had not another friend to speak to, she was far too high-minded to be desponding, or for one moment to lose the beautiful equanimity of her temper, or the mature dignity of her manner. Her quick perceptions, close observations, and retentive memory enabled her always to note any peculiarities of character, or any strange and characteristic expressions. But her excellent sense and self-command invariably kept her from making any remark that could elicit contradictory or unkind feeling in others.

One day I walked ankle deep in mud from my brother William's house at Sandridge to Melbourne, and thence to inspect the cottage I was about to purchase at Prahran. There was a dense fog that day and night, and I did not reach home until late; she naturally became rather nervous about me, and wishing some one to go and look for me, expressed this wish to my kind and hospitable brother William, who, with the best of intentions, but not sufficiently considering the effect of his words, told her that lately a gang of bush-rangers, who had come over from Van Diemen's Land, had stuck up every person they had met on the St. Kilda road along which I was walking, and he added that if I did not arrive by morning, he would go out and look for me—of course, he could do nothing at that time of night. Her young inexperienced heart was appalled at the stoicism with which he related this, and other dreadful stories. My dear brother had no idea of the pain he was inflicting, but it made a lasting impression on her.

One day, in town, I met Captain Clarke, the then Surveyor-General, when he offered me the appointment of

surveyor-in-charge of the McIvor district. I asked him for three days to consider his offer. After talking the matter over with my dear wife, I decided on accepting it, provided I could take my family with me, at £400 a year salary, and £200 a year for travelling expenses and equipment; I was, in addition, to be allowed rations for self and five men, forage for one horse, and firewood. I forfeited the rent I had paid in advance for my office in Swanston-street, discharged my clerk, sold the office furniture, packed up our traps, and left our cottage empty. A load of anxiety was removed, and our prospects were decidedly more cheerful, notwithstanding the gloomy weather, for it had rained during the greater number of days we were at Prahran, and the ground was thoroughly saturated. I bought a Sydney horse at £88, for which I paid £1 a day at livery for twelve days, a tilted spring cart, tents, and, in fact, a full surveyor's equipment, including £50 worth of surveyor's instruments, for which I had sent to England and which arrived about this time. On the 13th September, 1853, we left Prahran without regret, and commenced our journey northward, accompanied by two drays, hired by the Commissariat Department, with our baggage, for the conveyance of which I had to pay £50, although the commissariat officer had promised me that the Government would forward it free of charge to me, as they had Mr. Smythe's, just before, to Beechworth, at a cost of £60. The accountant kept back all my pay for ten months, and then deducted this £50 from it, which Captain Buckley, the then factotum at the Survey office, told me the fellow had stolen, together with monies belonging to other surveyors. Monday, the 12th September, 1853, found us in a great bustle, clearing out the house. We had sent two drayloads away, and now drove into Melbourne, to Ford, the carrier, with a heavy

load. The horse had a sore shoulder, and the rain came down steadily. Susie, our three children, servant Betsy, myself, and a quantity of baggage were stowed away in the cart. I did not reach the commissariat store, whence the drays were to start, until one o'clock, when I found they had been there and left again supposing I would not travel in the rain. I had enough to do in getting forage and rations from the government store, running about the town making purchases, keeping the men together, and looking for the servant who had played truant and did not return until morning. Finding it impossible to obtain lodgings in Melbourne, we drove out to Sandridge, and slept at my brother William's. On the 13th, though ready to start from Melbourne in the morning, I was detained through the shameful conduct of the Commissariat Department all day, and we did not get away until 5 o'clock p.m.

The journey to M'Ivor, seventy-two miles, occupied ten days, of which it rained on nine. On the 14th September the road lay between fences, and the cart and drays were sometimes bedded in the mud. We passed through a beautiful country, laid out in farms and partly cultivated. The village of Flemington is a long straggling place, about four miles from Melbourne. The road was thronged with people, mostly on their way to the diggings. We travelled every day as far as we could; the roads have certainly never since been so bad as they were then. On the third night we encamped at the Rocky Waterholes, and towards morning a violent storm came on, sweeping over us and carrying away our tent, left us exposed in the rain. Having righted the tent, we turned in again, and rose at daylight. We soon finished breakfast, and were ready to start, when two men came up, and demanded rent for our having encamped on their land, although it was open, unenclosed ground. As I could

not disprove their assertion, I was glad to get rid of them by paying their demand.

When twenty-six miles from Melbourne the axletree of our vehicle broke in two while it was raining. I had five hired men with me, and set them to work to put up a tent, under which I got my dear wife and children. We then emptied and turned over the spring-cart, and spliced the axle with saplings and cord. Captain Buckley, and Mr. District-Surveyor Foote had assured me before I left that I could not possibly travel to M'Ivor with horses, or take my family, and that even with a team of bullocks and dray I should have great difficulty in reaching my destination. The breaking of the axle seemed to confirm their opinion, especially as my men thought we should have to return to Melbourne. However, I was too old a bushman to be daunted by their tales of the horrors of the road, and the lawlessness of the foot-travellers and frequenters of the roadside shanties. As to my fine horse Sydney being stolen, I provided against that contingency by fastening him with a strong iron chain to the cart every night.

On the 17th we passed over the most difficult and dangerous part of the road we had yet travelled on. Susie and the children walked the greater part of the day, and at one time, while Betsy, the servant, was carrying little Philly through a bog, she got stuck fast in the stiff mire up to her knees, and was with difficulty dragged out. After a journey of nine miles, we encamped in a black forest, in the neighbourhood of many other travellers, and of some "coffee shops," where sly grog was always sold. Many bad characters were said to be lurking about there, and we had to take especial care of the horses. This place is called "Pretty Sally's Hill," which forms part of the great dividing range, separating the waters flowing south into the sea from

those which run down to the north into the Goulburn and Murray rivers. On the 18th we travelled over some better country, and leaving the Kilmore road on the right, stopped to dine about noon, having made four miles, and ascertained at a cottage that we had passed Kilmore without seeing it. The mud was so deep that I could with difficulty get into the town on horseback. I bought some bread at Trainor's store at a shilling a pound, and butter at five shillings a pound. Hay was £100 a ton delivered in Kilmore, and £60 at the stack. I gave thirty-five shillings a bushel for damaged oats, and was asked 18s. for a burnt damper. There were about two thousand people in Kilmore, and trade seemed to be very brisk, but the streets were absolutely impassable for a cart with anything in it; I could scarcely flounder through on horseback. Having returned to our camp, we had proceeded another mile when the heavy dray got hopelessly bogged, so we unloaded and encamped again. Monday, the 19th, we continued the journey through rich basaltic country, and bivouacked near Sutherland's Creek, where I procured some milk at one-and-sixpence a quart. The road continued as bad as ever. On the 20th my cart got stuck so firmly in the mud that the new English harness was broken to pieces in the endeavour to drag it out. To-day our servant Betsy stayed behind, and we saw no more of her. After passing Mollison's station we encamped at Mollison's Creek, having travelled nine miles. Wednesday, 21st.—Sent a man on horseback in search of Betsey, but he returned without having found her. She proved to be a worthless girl, and doubtless stayed at some hut or tent. Crossed some dangerous deep creeks, and got bogged again. We made fourteen miles to-day. 22nd.—Reached the Commissioner's camp at the M'Ivor diggings, where we were well received by Mr Walter Brackenbury, the Gold

Commissioner, who ordered a comfortable tent to be at once prepared for us, and every attention to be given to our comfort. There were about three thousand diggers and storekeepers on the ground (some with their families, and all living in tents), about one hundred and fifty of whom were Government employees residing in the Commissioner's camp. I had brought four tents with me, which were put up, and in a day or so everything was in order.

M'Ivor was at that time one of the principal gold-fields, and the Government staff consisted of three Commissioners of Gold-fields, a Police Magistrate, myself as District Surveyor, an Inspector of Police, with a large police force, including cadets; a Postmaster and his staff, a Gold Receiver, Assistant-Surgeon, Clerk of the Peace, with assistant clerks. Each officer was allowed a servant, and rations for himself and all his subordinates. Quartered in tents in this camp was also a body of sixty Pensioners, from Tasmania, under the command of Mr. Bayliss. The Commissariat Department was under the control of my friend, Mr. J. B. Hodgson, an old quaker, who was, however, afterwards baptised at this camp by the Bishop of Melbourne. Fifty-six Government horses were kept here at a great cost, besides a number of horses which had been seized by the Police. Some of the oats had cost £3 10s. a bushel; these were a portion of sixty thousand bushels, which had been sent to Sandhurst, and partly transported thence back to M'Ivor. Every person on the camp was allowed a full ration, and an unlimited supply of firewood, which was burnt on the ground out of doors. Mr. Hodgson informed me that the firewood consumed on this camp within five months, part of which was summer, cost the Government £7000. Brackenbury had a flag-staff erected by his tent, at a cost of £150 to the Government. My dear Susie was the first

lady to reside on this camp, but shortly afterwards Mrs. Brackenbury, a French lady, arrived; Mrs. D'Arcy. Mrs. Musprat, and others. Mrs. D'Arcy is a true Christian lady, and was the wife of an Inspector of Police. My dear Susie formed a strong attachment for her, which she never ceased to cherish to the day of her death.

I laid out the township at M'Ivor, which was named Heathcote, and executed many other surveys, including that of the now important town of Echuca, the site of which I selected in February, 1854, and named it after the native name of the locality. I also conducted the first land sales at Echuca, and indeed all the land sales in my district. I had four assistant surveyors under me, with their respective staffs.

In May, 1854, our darling little Philly caught cold, and Dr. Sconce, the Government Assistant Surgeon was called in to attend him. On the 12th of that month, Dr. Robinson happening to be in our parlor-tent, and hearing Philly cough, said, "That child has croup." Oh, what agony the information caused his dear mother. A day or two after this we removed him into the large new stone building which had just been erected for officer's quarters, but he gradually sank, and expired on the 19th May, 1854, after a week's illness. No words can express how deeply the fond mother's heart was lacerated, how bitterly she mourned for that child. He had a most beautiful, a heavenly look, such as is never seen in children destined for this world. She used to visit his grave every Sunday on which she could get out, during the whole of the six and a half years we remained at Heathcote. Twelve months after his death, she wrote on a drawing of his grave:—"The last earthly dwelling place of my much-loved child, and the grave of my chief earthly joys." I have said she mourned bitterly, but this was only her natural grief at parting with the



lovely child, whom she had so constantly tended since the day of his birth. She thought she saw the light of Heaven beaming in his face, and her chief comfort was in looking forward to the time when she should meet him in the everlasting realms of glory. She believed that God had done the best for him, and tried to submit to His will. The remains of our darling boy were buried in the Heathcote new cemetery—it was the first interment made there. I, as District Surveyor, had selected the site, and as one of the trustees, acting for myself and the others, obtained from the Government £187 to fence it in. I then had it subdivided into compartments, and laid out the walks. A tombstone and enclosure marks the place where our little one lies. This Church of England part was afterwards consecrated by the Bishop of Melbourne. My dear sister Theresa (Mrs John Walker), of Launceston, Tasmania, composed and sent us the following touching little poem on the departure of our darling boy. She afterwards visited us at Heathcote:—

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAR CHILD DEPARTED.

Thou wert a lovely beam of light,  
 Shed o'er our heavenward way,  
 To make our earthly pathway bright  
 With love from day to day.

Thou wert a sweet exotic flower,  
 Too frail on earth to stay ;  
 Vouchsafed us from a heavenly bower  
 To blossom here a day.

Thou wert a tone of holy love,  
 Echoing harmony ;  
 The music of our hearts ; a dove  
 In all thy purity.

The shrine of earth that held thee  
Hath faded—it were best.  
'Twas but a stepping-stone, to be  
Replaced by one more blest.   ✻

And the link that bound us broke not  
When thy spirit fled away—  
When thy laughing eyes awoke not  
To look on earth's fair day.

For love is stronger far than death,—  
The golden chain of love;  
Uniting truly heaven with earth—  
Its origin above.

A new-formed choir around the Throne  
Missed one sweet minstrelsy:  
A golden light amongst them shone;  
They sang—to welcome thee.

We laid a rosebud on thy bier,  
Its perfume passed away;  
It rose amid a falling tear,  
Like spirit from its clay.

I was the only officer on the camp for whom the Government built a house. They gave me £1546 to expend in the erection of the stone house which served as a Survey Office and quarters for my family, and in the improvement of the allotment on which it is situated. We lived there six and a half years, having been one year on the camp. I made a beautiful garden, and having purchased some adjoining land, planted it with vines and fruit trees. Susie was always pleased with my taste in laying out grounds. We owned land in various other places, and built a brick house in High street, which I called Myrtle Cottage, and planted an orchard and vinery there. I also expended about £1100

on Datchet farm, six miles off.\* These places were a never-failing source of pleasure to HER, whom it was my chief delight to please and make happy. We have spent together many, many delightful hours in the gardens and summer-house at Heathcote.

On the 12th of August, 1857, I was sworn in as a territorial magistrate, and used often to sit on the local bench. At the Survey Office were born—Auschar Philip, on the 10th June, 1855; Annie Frances, on the 25th April, 1857; Constance, on the 26th April, 1859. When Connie was eight months old, we had a nurse-girl, named Amelia Windbank, who was a thoughtful, faithful, kind-hearted girl, with much worth of character. I mention this circumstance because it is connected with one of the finest traits in my dear wife's disposition. This girl lived with us about two and a half years, and was married from our house, in which Susie gave them their wedding breakfast. My dear Susie having formed a good estimate of Amelia's character, and having taken a liking to her, she never omitted, when possible, to show her a kindness, and when we went to live at St. Kilda, in the beginning of 1867, she tried repeatedly to find her out in order to prove that her services were not forgotten.

In October, 1860, I received instructions to take charge of the Dunolly Survey District. Having unfortunately invested a good deal of money at M'Ivor, this removal to a distant part of the colony caused me some serious losses. I had part of the furniture and books sold by auction, and the remainder conveyed to Dunolly. In the beginning of January, 1861, I went there myself, and put up at Ernstsens hotel, and about a month afterwards had the family driven over in our buggy with a pair of horses, to Sandhurst, where I met

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\* Datchet, in Buckinghamshire, England, is my birthplace.

them. We put up for the night at Harvey's hotel, which was shortly afterwards burnt down. On the following day we drove over to Dunolly, and lived for a month at Ernstsens hotel, until I was at length able to procure a house. We hired Anderson's cottage, just vacated by the family of Mr. Butt, the Receiver and Paymaster at Dunolly. This was a weatherboard place, and my dear Susie named it "Bandbox Cottage"; it was the only dwelling to be obtained, on any terms, in or near town. We lived in it six months, and there our little Amy Blanch was born, on the 5th June, 1861. About this time I bought a substantial stone house, unfinished, which had been built for an inn, and was in a municipal street. My dear Susie, with her characteristic energy, began at once, without waiting for it to be finished, to remove into it; but while we were getting in the furniture it was "jumped" by a pettyfogging lawyer, who sent up a well-known character, known as "Fighting Jack," to take possession of it. On the gold-fields, where the population is wandering, houses used often to be erected on Crown lands without sufficient authority, and in such cases the person actually in possession could not well be ejected, especially if he held a miner's right to legalise his tenure. This limb of the law, being a daring and unscrupulous man, made it part of his business to take possession of every place to which he thought no one could show a better title than himself. The fact of my having purchased the house gave me no title to the ground on which it stood, and I would not resort to the subterfuge of taking out a miner's right or a business license, not being a miner or a store-keeper, and it was quite possible that "Fighting Jack" held a miner's right, and so had a better title to the ground than I had. However, I sent for two constables, and gave the man in charge. Next morning he was brought before the

Police Court, when I adduced proofs that I had bought and paid for the house, but it being a question of title, the court was not competent to deal with the case, and dismissed it; which was, in fact, all that I required, for I remained in undisturbed possession until I so narrowed the street as to exclude the house, and then purchased the land on which it stood from the Crown. The position is beautiful and commanding. I subsequently erected four more rooms of brick and stone, stable, outhouses, brick tank, &c., and made an ornamental garden and vinery. The recollection of the happy time we spent in this place moves me as I write. It used to be her delight to stroll through the garden and admire the flowers and other plants; and then, how cleverly and wisely she managed the house, and for the welfare of the children. In the evening, when they were in bed, it used to be her delight to sit and converse with me at the fireside. The six years at Dunolly were amongst the happiest in my life. In that house Frederick Lamothe was born, on the 28th March, 1863; and Clement Henry, on the 24th September, 1865. On the latter occasion she had an alarming cough before her confinement, and it continued all through her illness, causing her the greatest distress. Dr. Macgregor, who attended her, though a strong-nerved and reticent man, was evidently alarmed for her safety. At two o'clock in the morning he sent me for some medicine which he generally objected to using. I quite thought she would have died before I got back. I ran down into the town in an agony of anxiety, but it was long before I could awaken the sleepy druggist and procure the medicine. In about fifteen minutes after the doctor had administered it I heard the child cry, and in all time I shall never forget the relief that cry gave me. Her cough soon began to leave her, and she rallied in every way. The paroxysms of

coughing had been terrible ; but, as usual, she endured her suffering and weakness with exemplary patience. As an example of my dear wife's fortitude under suffering, I will go back in this history and relate an event which took place in 1864. She had long been tortured and inconvenienced by decaying teeth, and at length came to the resolution of having all the teeth in her upper jaw, save two, extracted ; and in accordance with this determination, Dr. Macgregor drew ten double teeth at three sittings ! nor would she let any one hold her. About a month before the birth of Clement I had her lungs examined by Mr. Macgregor, and he informed me that there were incipient tubercles on them. As soon as she was well enough after her confinement, I drove her over to Maryborough, and consulted Dr. Singleton, M.D. ; he asserted positively that the lungs were quite sound. This professional opinion greatly relieved and comforted me, and it accorded with my darling's own belief. She always said there was nothing more than weakness the matter with her lungs.

Shortly after our arrival at Dunolly the Government built me a handsome large Survey Office, three minutes walk from my own house. I had several assistants in the field and office, and was my own master as to the management and supervision of the district. My journeys were generally made for purposes of inspection, or to conduct land sales, or to hold commissions for considering applications for land. The surveys were made by assistants and contract surveyors. When at home I attended the office. In the afternoon we often went for a drive, and the children would sometimes ride out on our horses, "Colonel" and "Nancy," or we would walk in the garden or into town.

My dear Susie was an admirable contriver, and notwithstanding the great difficulties that were opposed to our

getting the children educated, she always seemed to manage in the best possible manner. Dear Tese was sent to Mrs. Fleck's boarding-school, at Kyneton in June, 1863. The younger children went for some time—two or three years—to the schools in the town; then Miss Despard came daily to teach them for eighteen months; and dear Tese was taught music and French by Mrs. Despard. For fifteen months after this we had Mr. Bull as a teacher of the classics, French, and mathematics. The Rev. G. P. Despard taught Willie Latin, Greek, and French; Mrs. Despard instructed Aussy, Annie, and Connie; and all received instruction in French from M. Lachaud. But the education of the children was not left by their beloved mother entirely to others. She always helped them herself as much as her strength would permit. This, however, proved too much for her health, and could not possibly last long, although we had two good servants, and a man in the yard. So in November, 1866, she conceived the idea of our all going to Melbourne, which could only be accomplished by my obtaining leave of absence on full pay. I was entitled to twelve months' furlough on half pay, under the Civil Service Act, but applied for three months on full pay, which was granted, as regards salary, but the allowance was stopped. Just after I sent in my application, my dear Susie, with her usual courage, determined to proceed to Melbourne by herself, to see the Minister of Lands, and request that no reduction should be made in my pay. Failing to see him at the Crown Lands Office, she went to his house at Brighton. He was not there, but she succeeded in obtaining an interview with him the next day at the Crown Lands Office, although a deputation was waiting at his door on public business at the time. He promised her that there should be no reduction whatever.

She then undertook the task of house hunting, not a very agreeable one at any time, but especially wearisome to a lady in her delicate state of health. She took the house No. 2 Barkly Terrace, St. Kilda, for twelve months, and then returned to us at Dunolly. I was proud of her achievements, but sad at her delicate state of health, and almost wished I had not let her go. We packed up our furniture and things, and forwarded them to Melbourne, one hundred and ten miles, thence they were taken to St. Kilda. Dear Susie and our eight children and one servant followed by coach and rail on the 15th December, 1860. I then had an auction of our surplus things, and proceeded to Melbourne on the 30th December. We resided at Barkly Terrace for three months, but finding the house inconvenient, removed to Victoria Cottage, Peel-street, where we lived for two months. On 6th May, after an absence of more than four months, I resumed duty, and took charge of the Castlemaine survey district, the most important in the colony, as the assistant Commissioner of Lands and Survey informed me. During my absence, my dear Susie, finding Peel-street too damp a locality in winter, removed to a house at Jolimont. It is situated at an easy walk from the City and about equi-distant from Doctor Bromby's school on the one side, and Mrs. James' Ladies' School on the other. Willie and Aussy attended the former, and Annie, Connie, and Amy the latter as day scholars.

My first visit home from Castlemaine after they had removed to this house was on the 7th June, and I returned on the 11th. On the 7th August I went down again by the 3 o'clock p.m. train, and found all well, except my darling, who had a bad cough, which made me very uneasy. However, it was much better before I returned on the 13th; otherwise she was much better in health, and more cheerful



during this visit than she had been for a long time. She seemed unusually glad to see me, as though she had a presentiment that we were not often to meet again in this life. We went into Melbourne together several times. On the 30th August, being the nineteenth anniversary of our wedding day, I took a run down home; as I was not sure whether or not I could go, I had not informed my darling, and to my great grief found her weak and poorly, and anxious about the children, some of whom were unwell. The next day we walked into town together to do some shopping, and we also were shown over the fine new Post Office, by our acquaintance, Mr. Slack, an officer of the Department. On Sunday, the 1st September, the elder children and I went to St. Mark's Church, in Collingwood, which we were in the habit of attending, and where the Rev. Robert Barlow officiated. In the evening my beloved Susie and I, with Tese and Willie, heard his brother, Mr. John Barlow, at St. John's, in Melbourne. This was the last time we ever went to church together, but through the mercy of the Lord, if my poor faith fail not, we shall spend an eternity together in the church triumphant. On the following evening I returned to Castlemaine. Although my darling was weak and poorly, I did not think there was anything more than usual the matter with her. I was in very low spirits at having to leave home, and at the apparent impossibility of devising any feasible arrangement whereby we might all shortly live together again. Though I had fearful misgivings as to her health, I hoped that her constitution, like her father's, was better than it appeared to be, and I thought, or tried to think, that she would be spared to us for a long time to come. It is but too well known to many of my acquaintances that I have suffered for many years from a distressing stomach complaint,

accompanied by extreme and continual weakness which incapacitates me for much bodily or mental exertion. I am naturally enthusiastic, and do not readily succumb to any physical disability, but being of an anxious disposition, I do not feel it easy to assume as confident and pleasant a manner as I could wish. My dear wife knew my weakness, and often used to try to be cheerful and make me happy, when she herself was far from being well. Her strength of mind generally enabled her to overcome her bodily ailments, and her clear perceptions, sound judgment, and integrity of purpose, always made her able to take a correct view of such surrounding circumstances as came within her knowledge, and adopt a noble course of action. She hated all vulgarity and meanness, and consequently avoided persons who evinced a coarse or selfish turn of mind. Her sympathies were rather with the Irish than with the Scotch character. She had all the warmth of sentiment and open-hearted hospitality so often ascribed to the former, while she disliked the coldness, reserve, and caution said to be characteristic of the latter. It might be said of her and them—

“ Small the intercourse I ween,  
Such uncongenial souls between.”

On the 11th September my brother William, whom I had not met for eight years, came to see me, and remained with me at the Castlemaine hotel for six days. On the 13th we went to the bachelors' ball, in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute. The company was select, and consisted of about eighty or ninety persons. On the 17th the Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Survey and I set out in my buggy to hold a series of commissions under the Amending Land Act, at Maldon, Maryborough, and Talbot, and I sat by myself at Castlemaine on the 20th. I had been suffering all the week from a very bad cold on the

chest, in addition to my chronic complaint. At 10 o'clock a.m., on Sunday, the 22nd, I received dear Tese's note, calling me down to her precious mother, who was very ill, and a little note of affection from Susie herself, was enclosed, written in a very shaky manner, which greatly alarmed me. Tese has since told me that she had her desk brought to her bed, and was propped up while she wrote it. Only one train ran at this time on Sundays, and that had just gone when I received the letter, nor could I send a telegram on Sunday. I cannot find words to describe what I suffered from suspense on that day, I knew she would not have written as she did, unless she felt there was great danger, On Monday, at 7.15 a.m., the first train started, and I went by it, 78 miles to Melbourne, reaching home, two miles further, by 11 a.m., to find my sweet wife in a dying state. Drs. Macgregor and Motherwell had just left. I hurried to the latter, and my worst fears were confirmed. He told me she was suffering from acute bronchitis. She had caught cold on Sunday, the 15th, while going across the Fitzroy Gardens to church. Willie and Amy were taken ill with scarlet fever on the 20th, and were in bed under the doctor's care when I arrived. I found the nurse, who had come only the day before, to be a hardhearted insolent sort of woman, so I went to the Superintendent of the Melbourne Hospital, who recommended an experienced nurse to me, whom I took out with me at once, and paid the other off. My darling was suffering very much, and was under the influence of morphine; two pills of this had been given to her inadvertently instead of two of rhubarb, and the effect of the morphine increased her distress very much indeed. As soon as I heard of the mistake, I again hurried to Dr. Motherwell, and he assured me no harm was done beyond the temporary effect. The poor dear seemed distressed in mind

and body. She asked me to pray that all her sins might be forgiven, and exclaimed, "How I have failed in my duty to God." She had had a fearful time of it the night before. It was an awful and heartrending scene to behold the fondest and best of wives and mothers gasping in sore distress for breath. But the Lord soon revealed his pardoning mercy to her, so that she was now perfectly resigned, and trusted to her Saviour only for salvation; she felt she had made her peace with God, and so indeed I believe she had from her early youth, but she felt a more perfect assurance now than I had ever known her experience at any former period.

Her suffering and excitement during all Monday were very great, and she was frequently delirious. The whole of the bronchial tubes of the lungs, to their smallest ramifications, were congested, and the substance of the lungs, Macgregor said was affected with tubercles. She was groaning and gasping for breath all night. The Rev. Robert Barlow, of St. Mark's, came and prayed with us, and she was much comforted. On Tuesday, the 24th, she rallied considerably, and was much easier all day, and to my astonishment the nurse said she might live for several days. My darling had another very bad night. On Wednesday, acting under the direction of the doctors, I moved my beloved Susie into a bed in a larger room, and she became easier and more conscious. She had a more peaceful night, and on Thursday morning the doctor said the air vessels were much freer. She had taken scarcely any nourishment, or had any sleep for many days and nights until to-day, when she was able to take egg and brandy. port wine, essence of beef, and arrowroot. Our hopes were greatly raised, especially after the visit of Mr. Barlow, who called again to-day, and prayed with us, committing her soul to Jesus, but asking that she might be spared to us for years

to come. Alas! about 6 p.m. violent unequal fluttering of the heart came on, and diarrhœa, thus knocking down all our hopes. She had a calmer night, but on Friday morning was evidently fast sinking. She dozed a good deal during the day on Friday, and seemed much better, but the danger was the same for the pulse rose to 124. Dr. Macgregor attended her regularly twice a day. He had called in Dr. Motherwell (one of the most eminent physicians in Melbourne) on the 20th, to consult with him, as he said he did not like to have the responsibility of so valuable a life on his own hands. I, of course, entirely approved of the action he had taken. Macgregor had attended my family for six years, and had been called in to my darling during two of her confinements. During Friday night she was free from pain, and was calm in the joyful and sure anticipation of soon, as she said, "being in the everlasting arms of Jesus, out of whose hands no man could pluck her." She continued to have frequent though momentary wanderings, consequent upon the imperfect oxygenation of the blood preventing it from performing its proper functions on the brain. At one time she saw a beautiful company of cherubs, one of them was especially lovely. She continued for some time to point at them all along one side of the room, and could scarcely believe that we did not see them. She said, "there, don't you see them now? I see them plainly, they are just up there." Her own face bore a sweet angelic expression while she said this. This vision was repeated two or three times, The little angels seemed ready to accompany her sweet spirit to the heavenly mansions. At another time she said, "I am on a high mountain, and I see a chasm, and I see mists breaking, and beautiful bright fields beyond." Immediately afterwards she became sensible, and smiled so sweetly on my asking her to repeat what she had said, and replied, "Oh,

it was only a little imaginative picture of the mind." On Saturday she continued in this happy state until 11 a.m., when the suffocating sensation became worse, and continued so until 4 p.m., yet strange to say the pulse was more even, and down to 110. She often called some of the children to her, and kissed them, and gave them many beautiful and striking admonitions. She thought so much about each one of them, and told me and Tese what she wished to be got for each. About this time (Saturday) while looking with indescribable affection and compassion on them, she exclaimed, "I suppose my poor children will soon be standing round their mother's grave."

My sister, Mrs. Berkeley, called to-day (Saturday) to make enquiries, and took Connie and Amy home to Brighton (7 miles) with her by rail. Their loving mother gave them her dying kiss. Her heart yearned after her beloved Connie, and her "tender little plant" Amy. The parting with them was very hard, but she said it was a kindness to take them away; she could not bear the thought of their young spirits being shocked at the last, and she knew that time with her was nearly very nearly spent. She then particularly enjoined me to give all the children plenty of nourishment and warm clothes. In the evening she called the remaining children round her bed, and asked us all to repeat to her some comforting passage of Scripture. I said, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Tese said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall see God." Willy—"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do." Ausy—"Ask, and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Annie said, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

She had previously given to each of us a deathbed present

—some little relic of her own that she had long treasured up. She gave me a little book with a clasp called “Gems of Sacred Poetry,” which had been marked in places and given to her by her father, and therefore doubly prized; and also another book called “Domestic Life,” in which she got Tese to write “To the dearest, tenderest, and best of husbands in token of the grateful attachment of his dying wife.” And this she just managed to sign with her own poor shaking hand “S. A. Chauncy.” Then Tese wrote underneath “27th September, 1867, Jolimont, Melbourne.” She had wished to give me a copy of the “Olney Hymns,” and sent one of the boys out to buy a well-bound one, but as he did not succeed in getting it, and as Time was hurrying past and Death sternly approaching, she gave me “Domestic Life” instead, as being the only new book at hand. We all thought she would have left us on that day.

She gave Tese the Bible which had been given to her at her marriage by Mrs. Irwin, and to Willy she presented a favourite little book called “A Collection of the promises of Scripture,” by Dr. Samuel Clarke, which had been given to her by her mother on her deathbed.

Every day she gave us numerous blessed injunctions evincing her true piety, her remarkable good sense and consideration for others, and showing that in this solemn time, when her mind frequently wandered, her precise and excellent memory did not fail her.

She gave me her hand to hold, in token, as I took it, that as she had once given it to me in marriage, so she as freely gave it to me when death was about to part us after an interval of nineteen years and a month.

As a last work of love she asked Tese to bathe her temples and sprinkle her with Eau de Cologne; Willy to rub her cold feet; Aussy to bathe her parched lips; and

Annie to wash her hands. Towards evening she became more restless, and wandered almost continually. During the whole of Saturday night my beloved had a dreadful time of suffering, the air vessels being quite choked up, and the breathing only abdominal. Her poor mind was wandering, and she was talking about the children all night.

I had sat up with her day and night almost continuously, taking snatches of sleep with my clothes on, on the parlor sofa, and so had dear Tese. Every now and then, during days and nights after my arrival she would sit up with her head against my chest, as she could breathe better in that position, but on Saturday she became too weak to do this any more. Will that much-loved precious head rest on my bosom ever again? Oh! what a mystery is death! What is the state of the blessed after the soul leaves the body? What is the intermediate state? How will the dead rise, and with what body? What and when will their ultimate condition be? How inscrutable are the ways of the Almighty! St. Paul mentions the rising of a spiritual body, not the poor decrepit body we lay in the grave. May not this changed corporiety be entirely subservient to the mind, and not as is the case in this life, where the mind has continually to yield to the exigencies of an exacting body?

Although as in the case of my beloved Susie we seem to be brought to the very verge of the heavenly state, yet God has always seen fit to interpose a complete screen between it and those who are left behind. St. Paul, quoting from the prophet Isaiah, says, "neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Indicating, I apprehend, that we can have no conception of "things (perhaps glories)" of which we have had no experience, or which our limited faculties in this life are incapable of apprehending.



On the morning of Sunday she was freer from suffering, but was still speaking incoherently about the children. At one time in the night she thought Freddy had been run over by the railway train which passes near the front of our house and tried twice to get out of bed to go after him.

I read and prayed with her when she could attend, but she longed to be with Jesus whom she looked to with a clear faith. Whenever she spoke during her lucid intervals it was *never* to complain, but always to make some beautiful and touching remark. On Sunday morning she said "To think that this poor body of mine should be the cause of so much trouble to you all," and again when she knew I had been writing about her she remarked "It is wonderful you should find time to write when you are so cut up about me." Then she prayed with her poor feeble voice and hands, but strong faith, "Oh Lord let me feel Thy presence *right away through* the dark valley"; and this beautiful petition was mercifully complied with for she died peacefully and with a sweet expression on her face.

Monday the 30th September.—She had a nice sleep last night and seemed so much better that my hopes of her recovery even then returned. But at midnight she became more delirious and continued so until 8.15 a.m. with only momentary intervals, although at that time her pulse was down to 100° and the breathing and expectoration were much better, but on raising the blind for light to help the nurse to change her things I was greatly shocked to see the appearance of her face and would not allow her to be moved. When conscious, she was very sweet and expressed herself to me in the most loving terms. She took her false palate and teeth out and gave them to Tese to wash for the last time, and, as I helped her to put them in again, she remarked "I have often thought that this (the set of teeth) is the only

"false thing about me." At one time she said "The soul is the great thing, I know *He* has bought mine and paid for it, therefore it *must* be safe." She could scarcely articulate and I could only understand these sentences as they were whispered.

She was frequently enquiring and arranging about the children and thinking they were around her. Once she thought I had left her side and then reproached herself for having been "so unkind" as to suppose I would do so. She then exclaimed in the most pathetic manner "Where are my babies? You will take care of my babies wont you? You will pick them out from those other children wont you?" When her little Clement was brought to her for the last time she kissed him and said "You are Tese's boy now darling," and then turned her head and said it was the hardest thing to part with her baby, and desired Tese always to take charge of him for her sake.

Doctors Motherwell and Macgregor came at ten o'clock and gave no hope. Half an hour after this she said "The one elevating thought is that the Saviour is all sufficient. He is my only friend *now*, and He can do every thing for me," and then she held out her hand to me and said "good bye dearest," and to Tese "kiss me darling." At a quarter past two in the afternoon she went into a sweet sleep and passed away without a struggle at five minutes past three o'clock on the 30th September, 1867.

As in life so in her dying moments she made arrangements for all things to be done nicely and in order with regard to the last offices. She told Tese what things the nurse was to put on her, and that she was to be well washed as she had been in such perspirations. Tese had washed and put on clean things while she lived for the last time, and on Monday morning when Tese kissed her and observed how cold her

forehead was she calmly replied "Yes darling those are the "death dews."

Again I exclaim what a mystery death is! It is a sudden and abrupt termination to our experience. We see life ebbing out, we watch the last heave of the breast and we say "She is gone." Gone! Whither is she gone? Poor little Clemmy says "Mother is gone to heaven." Well, this, though vague, may convey as much of the truth to our minds as we are capable of receiving in this life. Is there an intermediate state, and, if so, what kind of a state is it? I think the scriptures teach us that there is, but they are indistinct as to what the state of the believer after death will be; and it is, doubtless, well for us that it should be so. Paley says that if we could see what would befall us in the future in this life we should be quite unfitted for the present, and it is surely of equal or greater importance that a veil should be drawn between us in this life and those who have passed the line of demarcation into the unseen world. But then although we are ignorant of the *particular* events which may occur to us in this life we have a *general* idea of all that can possibly happen from our knowledge of what has already happened; but we have no idea at all, except from revelation, of the condition of the soul after death for we have had no experience or analogy to guide us. God has only revealed to us in very general terms so much information regarding the state of the soul in a future existence as is necessary to induce us to seek its salvation while we are in a state of probation here. I believe God never intended that we should know more of another life than is requisite for that purpose. St. Paul, quoting from Isaiah, says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Our souls have been so knit together that I

could scarcely conceive of a cessation to the interchange of thought which my beloved wife and I have so long carried on, and so I asked her repeatedly that if possible she would when in another life visit me sometimes, and she promised that she would, and said that "sometimes if I felt a sweet influence, I might suppose it was from her." However, this request may have been the result of presumption and ignorance on my part, and her reply was possibly given only because she could not refuse me the last request I could make her in this world. God declares "All souls are mine."

I have an intuition that the longings for rest from labor and trouble and suffering, and the aspirations for peace and for joy which my sainted Susie has from time to time expressed during so many years past, *must* be realised sooner or later. Then comes the question of mutual recognition. If my poor faith fail not, and I too should attain the heavenly state, shall I ever witness the fulfilment of these her ardent desires? Archdeacon Crawford and others do not believe there will be a mutual recognition in another life. But notwithstanding the texts which they suppose bear upon the subject, and on which they rest their arguments, I am of opinion, with all due deference to their Biblical learning, that Scripture gives no warrant for such a belief.

If I feel any assurance of ever being with my Saviour and knowing him, I think I can feel assured that my communion with my beloved partner did not terminate with her existence in this life, but that we shall spend a joyful eternity together, and in the company of others whom we have loved on earth. This anticipation is of course not affected by the assertion of our Lord to the sensual materialist Sadducees that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Besides myself, Tese, Willy, and Aussy were with their dear mother when she departed from this life. And I may here add that the transition to another life, in her case, may not after all have been so very great a change, except as exempting her from all evil, and transporting her to that "City which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."

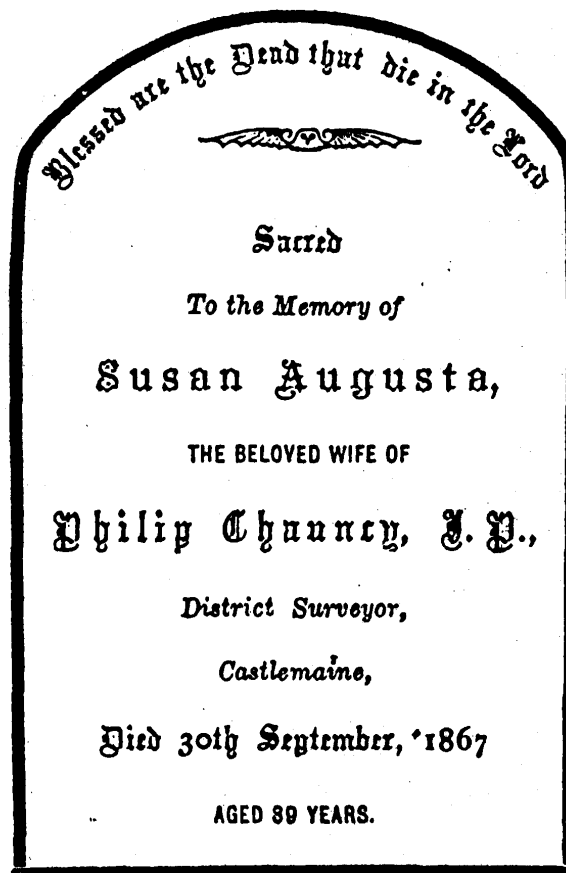
Her funeral was private and unostentatious. It moved from our house, Argyle Cottage, Jolimont, East Melbourne, on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, at about noon. Besides the hearse there was one mourning coach, and several buggies, with some of our most intimate friends.



## Conclusion.

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The remains were laid in a private grave which I purchased in St. Kilda Cemetery, No. 497 of the Church of England compartment. I have had it railed in with a neat iron fence, a white marble head stone 5 feet 7 inches high by 2 feet 7 inches wide; and three inches thick, set in a bluestone curb or socket. The inscription is as follows:—





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